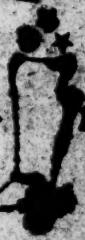
THE
History of Love,
A POEM:
IN A
LETTER
TO A
LADY.



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THE HISTORY OF LOVE.

A POEM: IN A Letter to a Lady.

By Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS.*

Est quod, Carminibus meritas celebrare Puellas
Dos mea, —— Ovid.

—— *Utinam modo dicere possem,*
Carmina digna dea, certè est dea carmina digna.
Ibid.

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TO

Her GRACE

THE

DUTCHESS

OF

GRAFTON.

Madam, Madam madam madam

BEauty, as it is both the Theme, and Inſpirer of Poetry, ſo it ought to be the Patroneſs too;

and a Poem of Love ſhould in Juſtice be ſacred to none but the lovelyeſt: it would therefore be adoring a falſe Deity, ſhould I offer up this at any Shrine but Yours.

As it is the beſt I can do, and writ on the moſt pleaſing Subject, I was reſolv'd to lay it at the Feet of the moſt Beautiful, and had I been my ſelf at a loſs where to fix, the Univerſal Opinion of the World would have directed me, and pointed out your Grace for the Patroneſs; while the Poem ſhall laſt, (and a Poem of Love ought to laſt longer than any other) ſucceeding Ages ſhall

ſhall read, that your Grace was the Ornament of this Age.

'Tis an innocent and harmleſs Ambition in Poets, whoſe only deſign in all they do, is the pleaſing others, and in doing that, pleaſe themſelves beſt; and as Beauty is the chief Object they bend their Studies to delight; all Poets ought to aſpire to pleaſe your Grace in particular.

That Ambition, is the beſt Excuſe I can make for my preſumption in this Dedication; ſince I am unknown to your Grace, and perhaps, even unheard of yet; but what is my Crime, is at the ſame

ſame time my Plea for Pardon; or rather it is my Merit. The *Athenians*, when they Dedicated an Altar to the unknown God, ſhew'd more Devotion, and directed their Devotion to a truer Deity, than when they Adored the many they knew.

That I might be ſure of ſomething Acceptable in this Offering, and not fail to Delight in a Poem of Love, where all ought to be delightful, I have taken all the moſt moving tender Things, that *Ovid* and *Tibullus* ſaid to their Miſtreſſes, to ſay to Mine; nor will I allow it to be a Theft, ſince I doubt not,

not, as it was their Love that inſpir'd them with thoſe Thoughts, Mine would have infus'd the ſame into me; and no man that thinks naturally of Love, can avoid running into the ſame Thoughts with them.

I have borrow'd the Examples to every Paſſion, from thoſe Stories which I thought the moſt pleaſing in *Ovid*, where certainly the moſt pleaſing were to be met with: Some few places in every Story I have Tranſlated, but for the moſt part, I have only kept him in View; I have gone on with him, and left him, where I thought

thought it proper, and by that means have avoided the Abſurdities of his *Metamorphoſes*; ſave only that of *Pigmalion's* Statue, but that was a *Metamorphoſes* that pleas'd me.

It was a delightful Surprize, to ſee Life breath'd into an inanimate Beauty, as it would be a killing Affliction to ſee it taken away from one already animated: It would occaſion as much Joy and Wonder, to have a Dutcheſs of *GRAFTON* made by Art, (if Art could do it) as it would cauſe Conſternation to have the Gods unmake one. But thoſe Miracles,

cles of Art are now ceas'd; and none but the Heavenly Artiſt could have Drawn You, who has Drawn You ſo, that he has left the Painter, and the Poet at a loſs to Copy You.

As to the Succceſs of this POEM, I hope I am ſecure, ſince it is Sacred in general to the Fair Sex, and committed in particular to the Protection of the Faireſt; if they are once pleas'd, who will dare to find fault? or diſoblige them, by diſliking what they approve? Under the ſhelter of your Graces Patronage, I ſhall ſtand, like *Æneas*, guarded by the Godde-

deſs

deſs of Love, and no *Diomedes* ſhall be found as deſperate as the firſt to Wound me thro' You. Thus, as all Dedicating Poets, who write more to raiſe their own Reputation than their Patrons, I have taken the moſt effectual means to Eſtabliſh mine; and doubt not to make a ſtrong Party, ſince every Lover will defend what is ſacred to the Lovely.

Your Graces

moſt Devoted,

moſt Humble Servant,

Charles Hopkins.

THE

THE
Hiſtory of Love,
A POEM:
IN A
LETTER
TO A
LADY.

The HISTORY OF LOVE.

A POEM: In a Letter to a LADY.

YE Woods, and Wilds, ſerene and bleſt retreats,
At once the Lovers, and the Muſes ſeats.
To you I fly, to You, ye ſacred groves,
To tell my wondrous tale of wond'rous Loves.

Thee, *Delia*, thee, ſhall every Shepherd ſing,
With thy dear name the neighbouring Woods
ſhall ring.
No Name but thine ſhall on their Barks be found,
With none but thine, ſhall ecchoing Hills reſound.
My Verſe, thy matchleſs Beautyes ſhall proclaim,
Till thine outrivals *Sachariſſa's* Fame.
My Verſe, ſhall make thee live while Woods ſhall
grow,
While Stars ſhall ſhine, and while the Seas ſhall
flow.
While there remains alive a tender Maid,
Or Amorous Youth, or Love-ſick Swain to read.
Others may artfully the Paſſions move,
In me alone 'tis natural to love:
While the World ſees me write in ſuch a ſtrain,
As ſhows, I only feel, what others feign.

Thou

Thou darling of my Youth, my Life's delight,
By day my Viſion, and my Dream by Night.
Thou, who alone doſt all my Thoughts infuſe,
And art at once, my Miſtreſs, and my Muſe.
Inſpir'd from thee, flows every ſacred line,
Thine is the Poetry, the Poet thine.
Thy Service ſhall my only buſineſs be,
And all my life employ'd in pleaſing thee.
Crown'd with my Songs of thee, each day ſhall move,
And every liſtning Sun hear nought but Love.
With flowing numbers, every page ſhall roll,
Where, as you read my Verſe, receive my Soul.
Should Senſe, and Wit, and Art, refuſe to join,
In all I write, and fail my great deſign.
Yet with ſuch Paſſion ſhall my Lines be crown'd,
And ſo much ſoftneſs in my Poem found;

Such moving tenderneſs, the World ſhall ſee,
Love could have been deſcrib'd by none but me.
Let *Dryden* from his works with Juſtice claim,
Immortal Praiſe; I from my Sacred Flame,
Draw all my Glory, challenge all my Fame.

Believe me *Delia*, Lovers have their Wars,
And *Cupid* has his Camp, as well as Mars.
That Age which ſuits a Soldier beſt, will prove
The fitteſt for the ſharp Fatigues of Love.
None but Young Men the toils of War can bear,
None but Young Men can ſerve and pleaſe the fair.
Youth, with the Foe maintains the vig'rous fight,
Youth, gives the longing Maid the full delight.
On either hand, like hardſhip it ſuſtains,
Great are Souldiers, great the Lovers pains.
Th' event of War, no Gen'ral can foreknow,
And that, alas! of Love is doubtful too.

In

In various Fields, whatever Chance ſhall fall,
The Souldier muſt reſolve to bear it all.
With the like conſtancy muſt Lovers wait,
Enduring bad, and hoping better Fate.
Thro' doubts, and fears, deſires, and wiſhes toſs't,
Undaunted, they muſt ſtrain to reach the coaſt.
All will a while look hideous to their eye,
The threatning ſtorm ſtill thickning in the Sky,
No ſight of Land, no friendly Harbour nigh.
Yet thro' all this, the vent'rous Lover ſteers,
To reap the Golden Crop that Beauty bears.
So the bold Mariners the Seas explore,
Tho' Winds blow hard, and Waves like Thunder roar,
Rather than live in Poverty on Shoar.
Embolden'd thus, let every Youth ſet Sail,
And truſt to Fortune for a proſperous gale:

Let them launch boldly from the lazy Shore,
Nor fear a Storm which will at laſt blow o're.
Set all the Reins to all their Paſſions free,
Give Wings to their Deſires; and love like me.

Happy that Youth, who when his Stars incline
His Soul to Love, can make a choice like mine.

Admiration.

Thee, *Delia*, all that ſee thee muſt admire,
And mankind in its own deſpight deſire.
As a Blind Man, reſtor'd to ſuddain Sight,
Starts in a-maze at the firſt flaſh of Light.
So was I ſtruck, ſuch ſuddain wonder knew,
When my eyes dazel'd with the ſight of you.
I ſaw whatever could enflame deſire,
Parch up the Veins, and ſet the Blood on fire.

From

From every Charm, the pointed Lightning came,
And faſt, as they diſpers'd, I caught the Flame.
Like Stars your glittering eyes were ſeen to ſhine,
And roll with motions that were all divine.
Where Majeſty, and ſoftneſs, mingled meet,
And ſhew a Soul, at once, ſublime, and ſweet.
I gaz'd, and as I gaz'd, from every view,
New Wonders, I deſcryed, new Paſſion drew.
Nor were the Charms leſs powerful of your Tongue,
My raviſh'd Soul on every accent hung, (Sung.
Glow'd when you ſpoke, and melted when you
Thoſe Lips unopen'd, cannot fail to move,
But Silently are eloquent in Love;
That Face, and Neck, thoſe Shoulders, Hands, and Arms,
Each Limb, each Feature, has peculiar Charms.

Each of it ſelf might ſingly win a Soul,
And never need th'aſſiſtance of the whole.
On this one Part a Poets praiſe might dwell,
Did not this other part deſerve as well.
Beauty is ſurely near allyed to Wit,
Of which none can the juſt deſcription hit;
By their own ſelves they may be ſhewn the beſt,
And only are in being ſeen, expreſt.
Beautye's true Charms, no Poem can preſent,
Which but imperfectly are done in Paint.
That too, comes ſhort of life, and only takes
Faint images of thoſe which nature makes.

THE

THE

STORY

OF

PERSEUS

AND

ANDROMEDA:

In Imitation of part of that in the Fourth Book

OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

PRopitious chance led *Perſeus* once to view
The faireſt Piece that ever Nature drew;
Chain'd on a rocky Shore, the Virgin ſtood,
Naked, and whiter than the foaming Flood;
Whom,

Whom, as he cours'd the confines of the Sky
Amaz'd he ſaw, and kept his wond'ring Eye
So fix'd, he had almoſt forgot to fly.
Had not the Winds diſpers'd her flowing Hair,
And held it waving in the liquid Air;
Or had not ſtreams of Tears apace roll'd down
Her lovely Cheeks, he would have thought her Stone.
Strait he precipitates his haſty flight,
Impatient to attain a nearer ſight.
Now, all at once, he feels the raging Fires,
Sees all the Maid, and all he ſees, admires.
With awe and wonder, mixt with love and fear,
He ſtands as motionleſs as ſhame made her.
Urg'd on at laſt, but ſtill by ſlow degrees,
Loth to offend, he draws to what he ſees.
Oh! Why, he cryes, moſt matchleſs Fair-one, why
Are you thus us'd? Can you be doom'd to dye?

Have

Have you done any Guilt? that guilt relate.
How can ſuch Beauty merit ſuch a Fate?
I am thy Champion, and eſpouſe thy Cauſe;
In thy defence, the Thund'rer's Off-ſpring draws.
Say, if thou'rt reſcued by the Son of *Jove*,
Say, for thy Life, wilt thou return thy Love?
The baſhful Virgin no return affords,
But ſends ten thouſand Sighs, inſtead of Words:
With Grief, redoubled with her Shame, ſhe mourns,
She weeps, he joys, ſhe bluſhes, and he burns.
In Chains extended at her length ſhe lay,
While he with tranſport took a full ſurvey.
Fain would her Hands her conſcious Bluſhes hide,
But that the Fetters which they wore, deny'd.
What could ſhe do? all that ſhe could, ſhe did;
For drown'd in floods of Tears, her Eyes ſhe hid.

Much

Much urg'd to ſpeak, ſhe turn'd her baſhful look
Far as ſhe could aſide, and trembling ſpoke:
My Mother, conſcious of her Beauty, ſtrove
(Alas! too conſcious) with the Wife of *Jove*:
Who by a cruel, and unjuſt Decree,
To puniſh her, takes this revenge on me.
Here am I doom'd a dreadful Monſter's prey,
Who now, now, now is iſſuing from the Sea.
Haſte, generous Youth, our common Foe ſubdue;
And if you ſave my Life, I live for you.
Thus ſpoke the Maid, half dying with her fears,
When, lo! the Monſter from the Sea appears.
The dauntleſs Heröe mounts his flying Horſe,
And o'r the Waves directs his airy courſe.
Let him, alone, his Victory purſue;
For dreadful War has nothing here to do.
This ſhort Account will Love-ſick Swains ſuffice;
He ſlew his Foe, and ſtrait receiv'd his Prize.

Thrice

Thrice happy Youth, too fortunately bleſt;
Who only came, and conquer'd, and poſſeſt.
None of the pangs of Love your bliſs annoy'd;
You but beheld, admir'd, and ſo enjoy'd.

Deſire.

All other Lovers longer Toils ſuſtain;
Deſires, Hopes, Jealouſies, an endleſs Train.

THE

STORY

OF

PIGMALION:

Imitated from the Tenth Book

OF

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

HOW thou art envied, let *Pigmalion* prove;
Who by a Miracle obtain'd his Love:
Who living in an Age, when Women led
The lewdeſt Lives, all Shame, and Honour fled;
For a long time, declin'd the Nuptial-Bed.

He

He ſaw them all debauch'd with monſtrous
Crimes,
No Virtuous Maid, no *Delia*, bleſs the Times.
Had ſhe liv'd then, his skill had ne'r been ſhown,
Nor the ſtrange Miracle that crown'd it, known.
There had he fix'd, not form'd his fancy'd Maid;
Nor fondly been by his own Art betray'd.
The Nymph in poliſh'd Ivory glitter'd bright,
So ſmooth, ſhe ſeem'd too ſlipp'ry for his
ſight.
So curious was her ſhape, ſo juſt her frame,
So quick her Eyes appear'd, ſo full of flame,
They would have roll'd, if not reſtrain'd by
ſhame.
From his ſtrange Art, the Statue had receiv'd
Such lively ſtrokes, one would have thought it
liv'd.

Ev'n he himſelf could hardly, hardly know,
But doubted long, whether it liv'd, or no.
Yet from her as ſhe was, he gather'd Fires;
And fierce, and boundleſs were his mad Deſires.
He felt her Fleſh, (his Fancy thought it ſuch,)
And fear'd to hurt her with too rude a touch.
He kiſs'd her, with belief ſo ſtrong and vain,
That he imagin'd how ſhe kiſs'd again.
Now makes his Court, his mad Addreſſes moves,
And tells a long, fond tale, how well he loves.
Preſents her now, with all he thought might
pleaſe,
With precious Gums diſtill'd from weeping trees
Small Singing Birds, who ſtrain their Tuneful
Throats,
And hov'ring round, repeat their pretty Notes
With ſweeteſt Flowers he crowns her lovely head
And lays her on the ſofteſt, downy Bed.

In richeſt Robes his charming Idol dreſs'd,
Bright ſparkling Gems, adorn her neck, and Breaſt,
And ſhe --- look'd well in all, but look'd when Naked beſt.

Now *Venus*, kept her Feaſt, a goodly train,
Of Love-ſick Youths, frequent, and fill her Fame.
The Snow-white Heifers, fall by ſacred ſtrokes,
While with rich Gums the loadned Altar ſmoaks.
Among the reſt the hopeleſs Lover ſtands,
Tears in his eyes, his Off'rings in his hands,
More furious than before he feels his Fires,
Ev'n his deſpair redoubles his deſires.
A long, long time, his Oraiſons deferr'd,
He durſt not pray, leſt he ſhould not be heard:
Till urg'd by Love; his tim'rous Silence broke,
Thus (but ſtill tim'rouſly) at laſt he ſpoke.

If you, ye Sacred Powers that rule above,
And you great Goddeſs of propitious Love.
If all we want, is plac'd within your power,
And you can give whatever we implore.
Exert Your Godhead now, now lend your aid,
Give me the Wife I wiſh, one like he ſaid,
But durſt not ſay, give me my Ivory Maid.
This finiſh'd; thrice auſpicious Flaſhes riſe,
And wreaths of curling Smoak, aſcended thrice.
Half hoping now, and yet ſtill half afraid,
With doubtful joy he ſeeks his Ivory Maid.
Doats more than ever on her fancyed charms,
And cloſely claſps her in his longing arms.
When all at once, with joy and wonder fill'd,
He feels her ſtubborn ſides begin to yield.
Soft, was her Boſom grown, her throbbing Breaſt,
Heav'd with her Breath, ſwell'd gently to be preſt.

Sur

Surpriz'd, and glad, he feels her oft, and oft;
And more, and more, perceives her warm and ſoft.
Warm were her Lips, and every pointed Kiſs,
With melting touches, met, and moiſten'd his.
Her Blood now circled, and her Pulſes beat,
And life at laſt enjoy'd a ſetled Seat.
Slowly ſhe lifts, her new, and fearful ſight,
And ſees at once, her Lover, and the Light.
An unborn Maid, both Life, and Lover found,
And he too, had his deſperate wiſhes crown'd.
Deſperate indeed; what proſpect could he ſee,
Or how at firſt, hope any more than me?

Hope.

THE

STORY

OF

Hippomanes

AND

ATALANTA:

In Imitation of part of that in the Tenth Book

OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

Hippomanes alone with Hope inſpir'd,
Might well rejoyce to find his wiſhes fir'd,
Since well aſſur'd of all his wiſh deſir'd.

His

His Paſſion was all Life, all Soul, and Flame,
He dauntleſs to the Fatal Barriers came.
With Joy his vanquiſh'd Rivals he beheld,
Aſſur'd to win, where all beſides had fail'd.
He ſaw the lovely Nymph out-fly the Wind,
And leave her Breathleſs Suitors far behind;
Saw *Atalanta*, ſwift as Lightning, paſs,
Yet ſoft as *Zephirs*, ſweep along the Graſs.
He knew the Law, whoſe Cruelty decreed,
That every Youth, who loſt the Race ſhould bleed.
Yet, if like them, he could not run ſo faſt,
He ſaw her worth the dying for, at laſt.
Her every charm, his praiſe, and wonder mov'd,
And ſtill the more he prais'd, the more he lov'd.
Now had he view'd the laſt unhappy ſtrife,
And ſeen the vanquiſh'd Youth reſign his Life.

When with his Love tranſported from his place,
Left any other firſt ſhould claim the Race.
Riſing he runs regardleſs of their Fate,
And preſſes where the panting Virgin ſate.
With eyes all ſparkling with his Hope, and love,
And ſuch a look, as could not fail to move.
Tell me he cryes, why barb'rous Beauty, why
Are you ſo pleas'd to ſee theſe wretches dye?
Why have you with my feeble Rivals ſtrove,
Betray'd to Death by their too daring Love.
With me, a leſs unequal Race begin,
With me, exert your utmoſt ſpeed to win,
By my defeat, you will your Conqueſts crown,
And in my fall, eſtabliſh, your renown.
Then undiſturb'd you may your Conqueſts boaſt,
For none will dare to ſtrive, when I have loſt.
Thus while the Prince his bold defyance ſpoke,
She eyes him with a ſoft relenting look.

Alreadv

Already does his diſtant fate deplore,
Concern'd for him, tho' ne're concern'd before:
Doubtful ſhe ſtands, and knows not what to
chooſe,
And cannot wiſh to win, nor yet to looſe:
But murmurs to her ſelf: Ye powers divine,
How hard, alas! a deſtiny is mine?
Why muſt I longer ſuch a Law obey,
And daily throw ſo many Lives away?
Why muſt I by their Deaths my Nuptials ſhun?
Or elſe by marrying be my ſelf undone?
Why muſt I ſtill my cruelty purſue?
Why muſt a Prince, ſo charming, periſh too?
Such is his Youth, his Beauty, Valour ſuch,
Ev'n to my ſelf I ſeem not worth ſo much?
Fly lovely Stranger, e're 'tis yet too late,
Fly from thy too, ah! too, too certain fate.

I would not ſend thee hence, I would not give,
Such a Command; couldſt thou but ſtay, and live.
Thou with ſome fairer Maid, wilt happyer be,
The faireſt Maid, might be in Love with thee.
So many Suitors have already bled,
Who raſhly vent'red for my Nuptial Bed.
I fear leaſt thou ſhould'ſt run like them in vain,
Should'ſt loſe like them, and ah! like them be ſlain.
Yet why ſhould he alone my pity move?
It is but pity ſure; it is not love.
I wiſh bold Youth, thou wouldſt the race decline,
Or rather wiſh, thy Speed could equal mine.
Would thou hadſt never ſeen this fatal place,
Nor I, alas! thy too, too charming face.
Were I by rigorous Fate allow'd to wed,
Thou ſhouldſt alone enjoy, and bleſs my Bed.
Were it but left to my own partial choice,
Thou of all mankind ſhouldſt obtain my voice.

'Twas

'Twas here ſhe paus'd, when urg'd with long
delay,
The Trumpets ſound to haſten them away:
Strait at the Summons is the Race begun,
And ſide by ſide, for ſome ſhort time they run.
While the Spectators from the Barriers cry,
Fly proſp'rous Youth, with all thy vigour fly,
Make haſte, make haſte, thy utmoſt ſpeed en-
force,
Love give thee wings to win the Noble courſe.
See how unwillingly the Virgin flyes,
Purſue, and ſave thy Life, and ſeize the prize.
'Tis doubtful yet, whether the general Voice
Made the glad Youth, or Virgin moſt rejoice.
Oft, in the ſwifteſt fury of the Race,
TheNymph would ſlacken her impetuous pace,
And halt, and gaze, and almoſt faſten on
his face.

Then

Then fleet away again, as ſwift as wind,
Not without Sighs to leave him ſo behind.
By this; he ſaw his Strength would ne'r prevail,
But ſtill he had a Charm that could not fail.
From his looſe Robe a Golden Apple drawn,
VVith force he hurl'd, along the Flowery Lawn.
Strait at the ſight the Virgin could not hold,
But ſtarts aſide to catch the rolling Gold.
He takes the wiſh'd occaſion, paſſes by,
VVhile all the Field, reſounded Shouts of Joy.
This ſhe recovers with redoubled haſte,
Till he far off the ſecond Apple caſt.
Again the Nymph diverts her near purſuit,
And running back ſecures the Tempting Fruit;
But her ſtrange ſpeed recovers her again,
Again the foremoſt in the Flowery Plain.

Now near the Goal he ſummons all his might,
And prays to *Venus* to direct him right,
With his laſt Apple to retard her flight.
Tho' ſure to loſe if ſhe the race declin'd,
For ſuch a Bribe the Victory ſhe reſign'd.
Pleas'd that ſhe loſt, to the glad Victors arms,
She gives the Prize, and yields her Dear-bought Charms.
He by reſiſtleſs Gold the Conqueſt gain'd,
In vain he ran, till that the Race obtain'd.
Poſſeſs'd of that, he could not but ſubdue,
For Gold, alas! would conquer *Delia* too.
Yet oh! thou beſt Belov'd, thou lovelyeſt Maid,
Be not by too much Avarice betray'd.
Prize thy ſelf high, no eaſy purchaſe prove,
Nor let a Fool with Fortune buy thy Love.

Like *Atalanta*'s Conquerour let him be,
Brave, Generous, Young, from every failing free
And to compleat him, let him Love like me.
VVhat pains againſt my wretched ſelf I take?
Even I my ſelf, my Jealouſyes awake.
Such men there are, bleſt with ſuch Gifts Divine,
Who if they knew thee would be ſurely thine.

Jealouſy.

How wretched then, alas! ſhould *Daphnis* grow?
Gods! how the very thought diſtracts him now?
Ev'n now, perhaps ſome Youth with happyer Charms,
Lies folded in the faithleſs *Delia*'s Arms.
Ev'n now, the Favours you denyed me, ſeem,
To be too prodigally heap'd on him.
Cloſe by your ſide, all languiſhing he ſtands,
And on your Panting Boſom warms his Hands.

Strait

Strait in your Lap he lays his envyed Head,
And makes the Shrine of Love his Sacred Bed.
Then glows his Raviſh'd Soul with pointed Flames,
And thoughts of Heav'nly Joys, fill all his Dreams.
Let not your Paſſion be to me reveal'd,
But if you love, keep him you love conceal'd.

THE

THE

STORY

OF

Cephalus and Procris,

Imitated from the Tenth Book

OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

FRom *Cephalus*'s Tragick Story, read
What fatal miſchiefs Jealouſy may breed.
Hear that unhappy wretched Huntſman tell,
How by his hands his much lov'd *Procris* fell.

Hear

Hear him lamenting his miſchance complain,
In the ſoft *Ovid*'s ſadly charming ſtrain:

Happy a while, thrice happy was my Life,
Bleſt in a Beautiful and Vertuous Wife.
Love join'd us firſt, and Love made Life ſo ſweet,
We prais'd the Gods, that 'twas our lot to meet.
Our Breaſts glow'd gently with a mutual Flame,
The ſame were our deſires, our fears the ſame.
Whate'r one did, the other would approve,
For one our liking was, as one our love.
Then happy days were crown'd with happier nights,
And ſome few months roll'd on in full delights.
Joys crouded to appear, and pleaſures ran,
A while in circles, e're our Woes began.

Till I one fatal morn the Chace purſu'd,
Of a Wild Boar thro' an adjacent Wood.
Where, as I hunted eager on my Prey,
Aurora ſtop'd me in my haſty way.
You may believe I do not, dare not feign,
(For Mis'ry never made a Man ſo vain.)
She tho' a Goddeſs, ſtrait began to move
A fruitleſs ſuit, and vainly talk'd of Love.
Tho' ſhe look'd bright as when ſhe ſhines on high
In all the gloryes of a Morning Sky.
Tho' earlier than the Sun's, her beams diſplay,
And ſhow the firſt approaches of the day.
I told her, *Procris* all my Soul poſſeſt,
That ſhe alone reign'd Sovereign of my Breaſt,
Which never would admit another Gueſt.
Enjoy thy *Procris* then, the Goddeſs cry'd.
Whom thou ſhalt one day wiſh th' hadſt ne'
enjoy'd.

Stun

Stung with her words, with doubts, and fears oppreſs't,
A ſuddain Jealouſy deſtroys my reſt,
Mads all my Brain, and Poyſons all my Breaſt.
I thought the Sex all falſe, ev'n *Procris* too,
Again I thought, ſhe could not but be true.
Her Youth, and Beauty, kindled anxious cares,
But her known Chaſtity condemn'd my fears.
But then my abſence does again revive,
And keep the Tort'ring Fancy ſtill alive.
I thought her Faith too firmly fixt to fall,
Yet a true Lover is afraid of all.
I knew not what to think, but ſtrait I go,
Reſolv'd to cure, or to compleat my Woe:
In Habit different from my own I took,
While with curſt aid *Aurora* chang'd my look.
To *Athens* ſtrait, unknown by all I came,
E'n to my ſelf, I ſcarce could ſeem the ſame.

Hardly I got admiſſion to my Houſe,
But far, far harder, to my weeping Spouſe.
The Houſe it ſelf from ought of Blame was free,
And ev'ry place expreſt its grief for me.
A diſmal Silence reign'd thro' every room,
To mourn my loſs, already ſafe at home.
Ev'n that ſad Pomp of Woe, ſome Charms could
boaſt,
But when my *Procris* came, ſhe charm'd m
moſt.
Black were her Robes, her Solemn Pace was ſlow
Her Dreſs was careleſs, yet becoming too.
A vertuous Grief dwelt deeply in her Face,
But matchleſs Beauty gave that Grief a grace.
Whole ſhowers of Tears her ſtreaming eyes
fall,
Yet ſomething wondrous lovely ſhone thro' all

Scar

Scarce could I at the Charming ſight forbear
From running to embrace my Mournful Fair,
Scarce hold, from telling whom ſhe ſaw (tho' alter'd) there.

But yet at length my firſt Deſign purſued,
With words I flatter'd, and with gifts I woo'd,
All the moſt moving Arguments I us'd,
Oft pray'd, and preſs't, but was as oft refus'd.
She ſaid another had before engroſs't,
All her affection, and my Suit was loſt.
Would any but a Mad-man farther try?
But ah! that Mad, that deſperate Fool was I.
I grew the more induſtrious to deſtroy,
Her matchleſs Truth, and ruin all my Joy.
Redoubled Preſents, and redoubled Vows,
I made, and offer'd, to betray my Spouſe.
At laſt, her ſtaggering Faith began to yield,
And I'ad juſt won the long diſputed Field.

Thy falſhood ſtrait I cryed, too late I ſee,
Falſe to thy *Cephalus*, for I am He.
Since you are Perjur'd, ſince my *Procris* grew,
Forſworn, and falſe, what Woman can be true?
She at theſe words almoſt of Senſe bereav'd,
With ſad confuſion found her ſelf deceiv'd.
Fix'd on the ground ſhe kept her down-caſt eye,
And Silent with her Shame, made no reply.
But to the Mountains like an Huntreſs hyes,
And for my ſake from all mankind ſhe flyes.
Which when I found, abandon'd, and alone,
My dearer half thro' my own Folly gone.
Love fiercer than before began to burn,
Till I was raging for my Wifes return.
My Prayers diſpatch'd with eagerneſs, & haſte,
That ſhe would pardon all offences paſt,
Found her as kind, as ſhe was truly Chaſte.

She came, and crown'd my Joys a ſecond time,
Forgot my Jealouſy, forgave my Crime.
'Twas then I thought my greateſt Miſeries o're,
But Fate it ſeems had worſe, far worſe in ſtore.
Soon as each early Sun began to riſe,
To glad th'enlighten'd earth, and gild the Skies.
I with his firſt appearance, riſe, and trace
The Woods, and Hills, that yielded Game to chaſe.
Alone I Hunt, a long, and tedious way,
And ſeldom fail to kill ſufficient Prey.
Then ſpent with Toil, to cooler Shades retreat,
And ſeek a Refuge from the Scorching heat.
Where Pleaſant Valleys breath a freer Air,
For my refreſhment I addreſs this Prayer.
Come Air, I cry, joy of o'relabour'd Swains,
Come, and diffuſe thy ſelf thro' all my Veins.
Breathe on my Burning Lips, and Feveriſh Breaſt,
And reign at large an ever grateful Gueſt.

Glide to, my Soul, and every vital part,
Diſtill thy ſelf upon my panting heart.
By chance I other Blandiſhments beſtow,
Or Deſtiny decreed it ſhould be ſo.
As, O thou greateſt pleaſure of the Plains,
Thou who aſſwageſt all my raging pains.
Thou, who doſt Natures richeſt Sweets excite,
And mak'ſt me in theſe Deſart Woods delight.
Breathleſs, and Dead without thee ſhould I be,
For all the Life I have, I draw from thee.
While this I Sung, ſome one who chanc'd to hear,
Thought her a Nymph, to whom I made my Prayer,
And told my *Procris* of her Rival Air.
She kind, good Soul, half dying at the news,
Would now condemn me, now again excuſe.
Now hopes 'tis all a falſhood, now ſhe fears,
Suſpects my Faith, as I ſuſpected hers.

Re-

Reſolv'd at laſt to truſt no buſy tongue,
But be her ſelf the Witneſs of her wrong.
When the next day with fatal haſte came on,
And I was to my lov'd diverſion gone.
She roſe, and ſought the ſolitary ſhade,
Where after Hunting, I was daily laid.
Cloſe in a Thicket undiſcern'd ſhe ſtood,
When I took ſhelter in the Shady Wood.
Then ſtretching on the Graſs my fainting weight,
Come much lov'd Air, I cry, oh! come abate
With thy ſweet Breath this moſt immod'rate heat.
At this a ſudden noiſe invades my ear,
And ruſtling Boughs, ſhow'd ſomething living there.

I raſh-

I raſhly thinking it ſome Savage Beaſt,
Threw my unerring Dart with heedleſs haſte
Which pierc'd, Oh! Gods, my *Procris* thro'
the Breaſt.

She at the Wound, with fearful Shriekings fell,
And I alas! knew the dear voice too well.
Thither, diſtracted with my grief, I flew,
To give my Dying Love, a ſad adieu.
All Bloody was her lately Snowy Breaſt,
Her Soul was haſtening to Eternal Reſt.
With Rage I tore my Robe, which cloſe I bound,
To ſtop the Blood, about the gaping Wound.
What pardons did I beg? what Curſes frame,
For my Damn'd Fate, that was alone in blame?
When weakly raiſing up her Dying head,
With a faint Voice theſe few ſad words ſhe ſaid.

Draw nearer yet, dear Author of my Death,
Hear my laſt Sighs, and ſnatch my parting Breath.
But e're I Dye, by all that's Sacred ſwear,
That you will never let my Rival, Air,
Prophane my Bed, or find reception there.
This I Conjure you by your Nuptial Vow,
The Faith you gave me then, renew me now.
By all your Love, if any Love remain,
And by that Love, which dying I retain.
Aſſure me but of this before I go,
And I ſhall bleſs thee for the fatal blow.

To her ſad Speech abruptly I replyed,
In haſte to ſhew her Errour e're ſhe dyed.
Quickly I ran the Tragick Story o're,
Which made her pleas'd, amidſt the Pangs ſhe bore:

That

That done, she rolls in death her dizzy eyes,
And with a Sigh, which I receiv'd, she dies.

Here did the Youth his doleful Tale conclude,
A Tale too doleful to be long pursued.
But this ill chosen instance will not do,
Unless my *Delia* could be Jealous too.
But she, whene're I wooe some other fair,
Shews no resentment, and betrays no care.
She sees me court another as unmov'd,
As she has always seen her self belov'd.
That dreadful thought redoubles all my fear,
That drowns my hopes, and drives me to despair.

Despair.

No Foreign instance need of this be shown,
To draw it best, I must describe my own.

Tho'

Tho' of this kind all Ages can produce
Examples proper for the Mourning Muſe;
Yet all to me, muſt the firſt place reſign,
None ever was ſo juſt, ſo deep as mine.
All day and night I ſing, and all day long,
I Love, and I Deſpair, makes all my Song.
Revolving, days the ſame ſad Muſick hear,
Unchang'd thoſe Notes, I Love, and I Deſpair.
To me, as to the Eccho, Fate affords
No power of Speech but for thoſe doleful words.
Some glimps of Sun, ſome chearful Beams appear
Ev'n thro' the gloomyeſt ſeaſon of the Year.
My clouded life admits no dawn of Light,
No ray can pierce thro' my eternal Night.
All there is diſmal as the Shades beneath,
And all is dark as Hell, and ſad as Death.
My anxious hours roll heavily away,
Depriv'd of Sleep by night, and Peace by day.

My

My Soul no reſpit from her Suff'rings knows,
And ſees no end of her Eternal woes.
In a long line they run for ever on,
And ſtill encreaſe, and lengthen as they run.
By flight to loſe my ills in vain I try,
From my deſpairing ſelf I cannot fly.
Where e're I go, I bear about my Flame,
In Cities, Countreys, Seas, 'tis ſtill the ſame.
Scorch'd with my burning pains, I ſhun my houſe,
And ſtrive in open Air to ſeek repoſe.
My Flames, like Torches ſhook in open Air,
Grow, with dilated heat, more furious there.
Now to the moſt retir'd, remoteſt place,
Ev'n to obſcurity, I fly for eaſe.
Retirement ſtill foments the raging fire, (ſpire
And Trees, and Fields, and Floods and Verſe con-
To ſpread the flame and heighten the deſire.

Wildly

Wildly I range the Woods, and trace the Groves,
To every Oak I tell my hopeleſs Loves.
Torn by my Paſſion, to the Earth I fall,
I Kneel to all the Gods, I pray to all.
Nothing but Eccho anſwers to my Prayer,
And ſhe ſpeaks nothing but Deſpair, Deſpair.
From Woods and Wilds, I no relief receive,
But wander on, to try what Seas can give.
Deep thro' the Tide, not knowing where I walk,
To the deaf VVinds, not knowing what, I talk:
Mad as the foaming Main, aloud I rave,
While every Tear keeps time with ev'ry VVave.

THE

THE

STORY

OF

Orpheus and Euridice,

Imitated from the Tenth Book

OF

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

SO in old times, the Mournful *Orpheus* ſtood,
Drowning his Sorrows in the Stygian Flood.
VVhoſe lamentable Story ſeems to be
The neareſt inſtance of a wretch like me.

Already

Already had he paſt the Courts of Death,
And charm'd with ſacred Verſe, the powers beneath.
While Hell, with ſilent admiration hung
On the ſoft Muſick of his Harp and Tongue,
And the black Roofs reſtor'd the wond'rous Song.
No longer *Tantalus* eſſay'd to ſip
The Springs that fled from his deluded Lip.
Their Urn the fifty Maids no longer fill,
Ixion lean'd, and liſt'ned on his Wheel,
And *Syſiphus*'s Stone, for once ſtood ſtill.
The Rav'nous *Vulture* had forſook his Meal,
And *Titius* felt his growing Liver heal.
Relenting Fiends to torture Souls forbore,
And Furies wept, who never wept before.
All Hell in harmony was heard to move,
With equal ſweetneſs as the Spheres above.

Nor longer was his charming prayer deny'd,
All Hell conſented to releaſe his Bride.
Yet could the Youth but ſhort poſſeſſion boaſt,
For what his Poem gain'd, his paſſion loſt:
E're they reſtor'd her back to him, and Life,
They made him on theſe Terms receive his Wife:
If till he quite had paſs'd the ſhades of Night,
And reach'd the confines of ætherial Light;
He turn'd to view his Prize; his wretched Prize
Again was doom'd to vaniſh from his Eyes.
Long had he wander'd on, and long forborn
To look, but was at laſt compell'd to turn.
And now arriv'd where the Sun's piercing Ray
Struck thro' the gloom, and made a doubtful day.
Backwards his Eyes the impatient Lover caſt
For one dear look, and that one look his laſt.

Straight

Straight from his ſight flyes his unhappy Wife,
Who now liv'd twice, and twice was robb'd of
Life.
In vain, to catch the fleeting ſhade he ſought,
She too in vain, bent backwards to be caught.
Gods! what tumultuous raging paſſions toſs't
His anxious Heart, when he perceiv'd her loſt,
How wildly did his dreadful Eye-balls roul?
How did all Hell at once oppreſs his Soul?
To what ſad height was his diſtraction grown?
How deep his juſt deſpair? how near my own?
In vain with her he labour'd to return,
All he could do was to ſit down and mourn.
In vain, (but ne'er before in vain) he ſings
At once the ſaddeſt, and the ſweeteſt things.

Stay dear *Euridice* he crys, ah! ſtay,
Why fleets the lovely ſhade ſo faſt away?

Why am not I permitted to purſue,
Why will not rig'rous Hell receive me too?
Already has ſhe reach'd the farther ſhoar,
And I alas! allow'd to paſs no more;
Impriſon'd cloſer in the diſmal coaſt,
She's now, for ever, ever, ever loſt.
No Charms a ſecond time can ſet her free,
Hell has her now again; would Hell had me.
From all his pains let *Titius* be releas'd,
And in his ſtead unhappyer *Orpheus* plac'd.
He feels no torture, I'le refuſe to bear,
Her loſs is worſe than all he ſuffers there.
Is this your Bounty then? ye Powers below!
And theſe the ſhort-liv'd Bleſſings you beſtow?
Why did you ſuch a cruel Covenant make?
Which you but too well knew I needs muſt break.

Ah!

Ah! by this Artifice, too late, I find
Your envious nature never was inclin'd
To be intirely good, or throughly kind.
Had you perſiſted to refuſe the grant,
I ſhould not then have known the double want.
This was contriv'd by ſome malicious power,
To ſwell my Woes, and make my Mis'ries more.
Plung'd in deſpair far deeper than at firſt,
And bleſt a ſhort, ſhort while, to be for ever curs't.
Ah! yet again relent, again reſtore
My wretched Bride, be bounteous as before.
Ah! let the force of Verſe as powerful be
O're you, as was the force of Love o're me.
And the dear forfeit once again reſign,
Which but for too much Love had ſtill been mine.
By that immenſe and awful ſway you bear,
That ſilent horror that inhabits here.

By theſe vaſt Realms, and that unqueſtion'd right,
By which you rule this Everlaſting Night.
By theſe my Tears and prayers, which once could move,
Once more I beg you to releaſe my Love.
Let her a little while with me remain,
A little while, and ſhe is yours again.
The date of mortal Life is finiſh'd ſoon,
Swift is the Race, and ſhort the time to run.
Inevitable Fate your Night ſecures,
And ſhe, and I, and all, at laſt are yours.

So ſung the charming Youth in ſuch a ſtrain,
But ſung, and charm'd the ſecond time in vain.
No longer could he move the Powers below,
Loſt were his Numbers then, as mine are now.
Torn with deſpair he leaves the *Stygian* Lakes,
And back to light a loathſom Journy takes.

No Light could chear him in his cruel woes,
Who bears about his Grief where'ere he goes.
In ſacred Verſe his ſad complaints he vents,
And all the Day, and all the Night laments.
Inceſſantly he ſings, whoſe moving Song
Draws Trees, and Stones, and liſtning Herds along.
The *Sylvan* Gods, and Wood-Nymphs ſtood around,
And melting Maids were raviſh'd at the ſound.
All heard the wondrous Notes, and all that heard,
With utmoſt Art addreſt the mournful Bard.
Not all their Charms his Conſtancy could move,
Who fled the thoughts of any ſecond Love.
When mad to ſee him ſlight their raging Fire,
To Mortal hate, converting fierce deſire,
With their own Hands, they made the Youth expire.

Such proofs my *Delia* would I gladly give,
For thee I'de dye, without thee will not live.
I've felt already the ſevereſt ſmart
Death can inflict, for it was death to part.

The Parting.

What Souls about to leave their Bodies bear,
Forc'd to forſake their long-lov'd Manſions there.
The dying anguiſh, the convulſive pain,
And all the racking tortures they ſuſtain.
And moſt of all, the doubt, the dreadful fear,
When thruſt out thence, to go they know not where.
My Soul, ſuch pangs, ſuch ſad diſtractions knew,
Forc'd by deſpairing Love to part with you.
Fix'd on that Face where I could ever dwell
Charm'd into ſilence by ſome Magick Spell,
I ſigh'd and ſhook, and could not ſay farewell.

Down

Down my ſad Cheeks, did Tears in torrents roll,
And Deaths cold damp ſate heavy on my Soul:
My trembling Eyes ſwam in a native Flood,
As faſt as they wept Tears, my Heart wept Blood.
All ſigns of deſperate grief poſſeſs't my face,
My ſinking Feet ſeem'd rooted to their place,
And ſcarce could bear me to the laſt embrace.
Gods! where was then my Soul? that parting
Kiſs,
Was both the laſt and deareſt Taſte of Bliſs.
Ah! ſince that fatal time I could not boaſt,
Of Love, or Life, or Soul; all, all is loſt.
VVhen the laſt Moment that I had to ſtay
Call'd me like one condemn'd to Death away.
VVith ſtaggering Steps, I did my Path purſue,
Yet oft I turn'd to take another view,
Oft gaz'd, and ſigh'd, and murmur'd out adieu.

THE PARTING OF Achilles and Deidamia.

ACHILLES *had a long time lain disguis'd like a Woman, in the Court of* Nicomedes *King of* Bythinia, *making use of that Habit, the better to carry on his Amours with* Deidamia, Nicomedes's *Daughter, but he was at last discovered by the Subtilty of* Ulysses; *who putting a Sword into his hands, which he wielded too dexterously for a Woman, so betray'd him, and carryed him to the* Trojan *War, the* Greeks *having been warn'd by the Oracle, that* Troy *should never be taken, unless* Achilles *assisted at the Siege.*

THUS young *Achilles* in *Bythinia's* Court,
Had made a private and a long resort.

Dress't

Dreſs't like a Maid, the better to improve,
With his fair Princeſs, undiſcover'd Love.
Where Hours and Days, he might ſecure receive,
The mighty Bliſs that mutual Love could give.
Where in full Joys the Youthful Pair remain'd,
And nought a while, but Laughing Pleaſures reign'd.
Till at the laſt, the Gods were envious grown,
To ſee the Bliſs of Man ſurpaſs their own.
All *Greece* was now with *Helen's* Rape alarm'd,
And all its Princes, to revenge her arm'd.
When ſpiteful Powers, foretold them, their deſcent
Would be in vain, unleſs *Achilles* went.
In vain, they might the *Phrygian* Coaſts invade,
Scale *Troy* in vain, no on-ſet could be made,
That ſhould ſucceed without that Hero's aid.

And

And now *Ulyſſes* by a crafty ſlight,
Had found him out in his Diſguiſes ſpight.
Who tho' betray'd by his unhappy Fate,
Had too much ſenſe of Honour to retreat.
Which, when his charming *Deidamia* knew,
She to her late Diſcover'd Lover flew.
On his dear Neck, her Snowy Arms ſhe hung,
And ſtreaming Tears, a while, reſtrain'd her Tongue.
But at the laſt, her diſmal Silence broke,
Theſe mournful words, the weeping Princeſs ſpoke.

Whither, ah! whither would *Achilles* flee?
From all he's deareſt to, from love, and me?
Are not my Charms the ſame? the ſame their power?
Have I loſt mine? or, has *Bellona* more?

Oh!

Oh! let me not ſo poorly be forſook,
But view me, view me, with your uſual look.
Would you, unkind, from theſe Embraces break?
Is Glory grown ſo ſtrong? or I ſo weak?
Glory is not your only Call I fear,
You go to meet ſome other Miſtreſs there.
Go then, ingrateful, tho' from me you fly,
You'll never meet with one, ſo fond as I.
But ſome Camp Miſtreſs laviſh of her Charms,
Devoted to a Thouſand Rival Arms.
Then will you think, when ſhe is common grown,
On *Deidamia* who was all your own.
Thus will I claſp thee to my panting Breaſt,
And thus detain thee to my Boſom preſs't.
And while I fold thee thus, and thus diſpenſe
Theſe Kiſſes to reſtore thy wand'ring ſenſe,
What diſmal ſound of War ſhall ſnatch thee hence.

VVhat

What tho' the Gods have order'd you ſhould go,
Or *Greece* return inglorious from her Foe?
Have not the ſelf ſame cruel Gods, decreed
That if you went, you ſhould as ſurely Bleed?
Then ſince your Fate is deſtin'd to be ſuch,
Ah! think, can any *Troy* be worth ſo much?
Let *Greece*, what e're ſhe pleaſe for Vengeance give,
Secure at home ſhall my *Achilles* live.
Troy, built by Heavenly hands, may ſtand, or fall,
You never ſhall obey the fatal call.
Your *Deidamia* ſwears you ſhall not go,
Life would be dear to you, if ſhe were ſo.
If not your own, at leaſt my ſafety prize,
For with *Achilles*, *Deidamia* dyes.

All this, and more, the lovely mournful Maid
Told the ſad Youth, who Sigh'd at all ſhe ſaid.

Yet

Yet would he not his reſolution break,
Where all his Fame and Honour lay at ſtake.
Now would he think on Arms, but when he gave,
A ſide-long glance on her he was to leave.
Then his tumultuous Thoughts began to jar,
And Love, and Glory held a doubtful War.
Till with a deep-drawn Sigh, and mighty courſe
Of Tears, which nothing elſe but Love could force.
To the Dear Maid he turns his wat'ry eyes,
And to her ſad Diſcourſe, as ſad replyes.

Thou late beſt Bleſſing of my Joyful Heart,
Now grown my grief, ſince I muſt now depart:
Behold the Pangs I bear, look up, and ſee
How much I grieve to go; and comfort me.
Curſe on that cunning Traytor's ſmooth deceit,
VVhoſe craft has made me to my ruin, great.

Curſe

Curſe on that Artifice by which I fell,
Curſe on theſe hands for wielding Swords ſo well.
Tho' I ſhould ne'r ſo fit for Battel prove,
All my Ambition's to be fit for Love.
In his ſoft VVars, I would my Life beguile,
VVith thee contend in the tranſporting toil,
Raviſh'd to read my Triumph in thy ſmile.
Boldly I'd ſtrive, yet ev'n when Conquering, yield
To thee the glory of the Bloodleſs Field.
VVith liquid Fires, melt thy rich Beautyes down,
Rifle thy Wealth, yet give thee all my own.
So ſhould our Wars be Rapture and Delight,
But now I'm ſummon'd to another Fight.
'Tis not my fault, that I am forc'd away,
But when my Honour calls, I muſt obey.

Durſt

Durſt I not Death, and every Danger brave,
I were not worthy of the Bliſs I have.
More hazards, than another, would I meet,
Only to lay more Lawrels at your feet.
Oh! do not fear, that I ſhould faithleſs prove,
For You, my only Life, have all my Love.
The thought of You ſhall help me to ſubdue,
I'le conquer faſter to return to You.
But if my Honours ſhould be laid in Duſt,
And I muſt fall, as Heaven has ſaid I muſt.
Ev'n in my Death, my only grief, will be,
That I for ever ſhall be ſnatch'd from thee.
That, that alone, occaſions all my Fears,
Shakes my reſolves, and melts me into Tears.
My beating Heart pants to thee, as I ſpeak,
And wiſhes, rather than depart, to break.
Feel how it trembles with a Panick fright,
Sure it will never fail me thus in Fight.

I cannot longer hold this fond Discourse,
For now the Trumpets Sound our sad Divorce.
Sound every Trumpet there, beat every Drum,
Use all your Charms to make *Achilles* come.
Farewel, alas! I have not time to tell
How wondrous loath I part, once more farewell.
Remember me, as I'll remember you,
Like me be constant, and like me be true;
Gods! I shall ne'r be gone; Adieu, adieu,
Adieu.

Absence.

Happy that Am'rous Youth, whose Mistress hears,
His swelling Sighs, and sees his falling Tears.
What Savage Maid, her Pity can deny
A breaking Heart, and a still streaming Eye.

Absent

Abſent, alas! he ſpends them all in vain,
While the Dear Cauſe is ignorant of his pain.
Yet wretched as he is, he might be bleſt,
Would he himſelf contribute to his reſt.
Would he reſolve to ſtruggle thro' the Net,
And, but a while, endeavour to forget.
But his Mad Thoughts run ev'ry paſſage o're,
And anxious Memory makes his Paſſion more.
Perplexing Memory that renews the Scene
Of his paſt Cares, and keeps him ſtill in pain.
Keeps a poor Wretch perpetually oppreſt,
And never lets unhappy Lovers reſt.
Lets them no Pangs, no cruel Sufferings loſe,
But heaps their paſt, upon their preſent Woes.
Such was *Leanders* Memory, when remov'd,
And ſunder'd by the Seas, from all he lov'd.

The gather'd Winds, had wrought the Tempeſt high,
Toſs'd up the Ocean, and obſcur'd the Sky.
And at this time, with an impetuous ſway,
Pour'd forth their Forces, and poſſeſs'd the Sea.
When the Bold Youth ſtood raging on the Beach,
To view the much lov'd Coaſt he could not reach.
His reſtleſs eyes ran all the diſtance o're,
And from afar diſcern'd his *Hero's* Tower.
Thrice, Naked in the Waves his Skill he try'd,
And ſtrove, as he was us'd, to ſtem the Tide.
But tumbling Billows threatned preſent wrack,
And riſing up againſt him, daſh'd him back.
Then like a gallant Soldier, forc'd to go
Full of brave Wrath from a prevailing Foe.

Again

Again to Town he makes his ſad reſort,
To ſee what Ships would looſen from the Port.
Finding but one durſt Launch into the Seas,
He writes a Letter, fill'd with Words like theſe.

LEANDER'S

Epiſtle to

HERO,

In Imitation of Part of that

OF

OVID.

READ this; yet be not troubled when you read,
Your Lover comes not, in his Letters ſtead.
On you, all Health, all Happineſs, attend,
Which I would much, much rather bring than ſend.

But now, theſe envious Storms obſtruct my way,
And only this bold Bark, durſt put to Sea.
I too had come, had not my Parents Spyes
Stood by to watch me with ſuſpicious eyes.
How many tedious days and nights, are paſt
Since I was ſuffer'd to behold you laſt.
Ye ſpightful Gods, and Goddeſſes, who keep
Your wat'ry Courts within the ſpacious deep.
Why at this time, are all the Winds broke forth,
Why ſwell the Seas beneath the furious North.
'Tis Summer now, when all ſhould be ſerene,
The Sky's unclouded, undiſturb'd the Main,
Winter is yet unwilling to appear,
But you invert the Seaſons of the Year.
Yet let me once attain the wiſh'd for Beach,
Out of the now Malicious *Neptune's* reach.
Then blow ye Winds; ye troubled Billows roar,
Roll on your angry VVaves, and laſh the Shore.

Ruffle the Seas, drive the Tempeſtuous Air,
Be one continued Storm to keep me there.
Ah! *Hero*, when to you my courſe is bent,
I ſeem to ſlide along a ſmooth deſcent.
But in returning thence, I clamber up,
And ſcale, methinks, ſome lofty Mountain's top.
Why, when our Souls by mutual Love are joyn'd,
Why are we ſunder'd by the Sea and Wind?
Either, make my *Abidos* your retreat,
Or let your *Seſtos* be my much-lov'd Seat.
This Plague of Abſence, I can bear no more,
Come what can come, I'll ſhortly venture o'r.
Not all the rage of Seas, nor force of Storms,
Nothing but Death ſhall keep me from thy Arms.
Yet may that Death, at leaſt ſo friendly prove,
To float me to the Coaſt of her I love.

Let

Let not the Thought occaſion any fear,
Doubt not, I will be ſoon, and ſafely, there.
But till that time, let this employ your Hours,
And ſhew you, that I can be none but Yours.

Mean-while the Veſſel from the Land withdrew,
When Heaven took Pity on a Love ſo true.
The Winds to blow, the Waves to toſs forbore,
In leaps the raviſh'd Youth, and ventures o'r,
With a ſmooth paſſage to the farther Shoar.
Now to the Port the proſperous Lover drives,
And ſafely after all his toils arrives.
Diſſolv'd in Bliſs, he lyes the live-long night,
Melts, languiſhes, and dyes in vaſt delight.
But that delight my Muſe forbears to ſing,
She knows the weakneſs of her Infant wing.

As

As when the Painter ſtrove to draw the chief
Of all the *Grecians*, in his height of Grief;
In every Limb the well-ſhap'd Piece excell'd,
But coming to the Face his Pencil fail'd.
There modeſtly he ſtaid, and held, for fear
He ſhould not reach the Woe he fancied there;
But round the mournful Head a Veil he threw,
That Men might gueſs, at what he could not ſhew.

So when our pleaſure riſes to exceſs,
No Tongue can tell it, and no Pen expreſs.
Love will not have his myſteries reveal'd,
And Beauty keeps the joys it gives conceal'd.
And till thoſe Joys my *Delia* lets me know,
To me they ſhall continue ever ſo.

Ah! *Delia*, would Indulgent Love decree,
Thy faithful ſlave that Heaven of Bliſs with thee.

What

What then ſhould be my Verſe? what daring
flights
Should my Muſe take? reach what Celeſtial
heights?
Now in deſpair, with drooping Notes ſhe ſings,
No dawn of hope to raiſe her on her Wings.
In the warm Spring the warbling Birds rejoyce,
And in the ſmiling Sun-ſhine tune their Voice.
Bask'd in the Beams, they ſtrain their tender
Throats,
Where chearful light, inſpires the charming
Notes;
Such, and ſo charming ſhould my numbers be,
If you, my only light would ſmile on me.
Your influence, would inſpire as moving airs,
And make my Song, as ſoft, and ſweet as theirs.
Would you but once auſpiciouſly incline
To raiſe his Fame, who only writes for thine.

I'de ſing ſuch Notes, as none but you could teach,
And none but one, who loves like me can reach.
Secure of you, what raptures could I boaſt?
How wretched ſhall I be when you are loſt?
Ah! think what pangs deſpairing Lovers prove,
And what a bleſs'd Eſtate were mutual Love.
How might my Soul be with your favour rais'd?
And how in pleaſing you, my ſelf be pleas'd?
With what delight? what tranſport could I burn?
Did but my Flames receive the leaſt return.
How would one tender look? one pitying ſmile,
Or one kind word from you, reward my toyl?
It muſt, and would your tend'reſt pity move,
Were you but once convinc'd, how well I Love.
By every power, that reigns and rules on high,
By Love, the mightieſt power of all the Sky.
By your dear ſelf, my laſt great Oath, I ſwear,
That neither Life, nor Soul, are half ſo dear.

What

What need I theſe ſuperfluous Vows repeat?
Already ſigh'd ſo often at your Feet.
You know my paſſion is ſincere, and true,
I love you to exceſs; you know I do.
No Tongue, no Pen, can what I feel expreſs,
Ev'n Poetry it ſelf muſt make it leſs.
You haunt me ſtill, where ever I remove,
There's no retreat, ſecure from Fate, or Love.
My Soul from yours, no diſtance can divide,
No Rocks, nor Caves, can from your Preſence hide.
By day, your lovely Form fills all my ſight,
Nor do I loſe you, when I loſe the light,
You are the charming Phantom of the Night.
Still your dear Image dances in my view,
And all my reſtleſs Thoughts run ſtill on you.
You only, are the ſleeping Poets Dream,
And when awake, you only are his Theme.

Were

Were I by ſome yet harder Fortune, hurl'd
To the remoteſt parts of all the World.
The coldeſt Northern Clime, the Torrid Zone,
Should hear me ſing of you, and you alone.
That pleaſing task ſhould all my hours employ,
Spent in a charming melancholy joy.
The Chorus of the Birds, the whiſp'ring Boughs,
And murm'ring Streams, ſhould joyn to ſooth my Woes.
My Thoughts of you, ſhould yield, a ſad delight,
While Joy and Grief contend like Day and Night.
With Smiles and Tears, reſembling Sun and Rain,
To keep the Pleaſure, I'de endure the Pain.
If ſuch content, my troubled Soul could know,
Such ſatisfaction mix'd with ſo much woe.

If

If but my Thoughts could keep my wiſhes warm,
Ah! how would your tranſporting Preſence charm?
How pleaſant would theſe pathleſs wilds appear,
Were you alone my kind Companion here?
What ſhould I then have left me to deplore?
Oh! what Society to wiſh for more?
No Country thou art in, can Deſart be,
And Towns are deſolate, depriv'd of thee.
Baniſh'd with thee; I could an Exile bear,
Baniſh'd from thee; the Baniſhment lyes there.
I to ſome lonely Iſle with thee could fly,
Where not a Creature dwells but thou and I.
Where a wide ſpreading Main around us roars,
Beſprinkling with its Foam, our deſart Shores.

Where

Where Winds, and Waves, in endleſs Wars engage,
And high-wrought Tides roll with Eternal rage.
VVhere Ships far off their fearful courſes ſteer,
And no bold Veſſel ever ventur's near.
Should riſing Seas ſwell over every Coaſt,
VVere Mankind in a ſecond Deluge loſt.
Did only two of all the VVorld ſurvive,
Only one Man, one VVoman left alive:
And ſhould the Gods, that Lot to us allow,
VVere I *Deucalion*, and my *Pyrrha*, thou.
Contentedly I ſhould my Fate embrace,
And would not beg them to renew our Race,
All my moſt ardent wiſhes ſhould implore,
All I ſhould ask from each indulgent Power,
VVould be to keep thee ſafe and have no more.

Your

Your Cruelty occaſions all my ſmart,
Your kindneſs, could reſtore my bleeding Heart:
You work me to a Storm, you make me calm,
You give the VVound, and can infuſe the Balm.
Of you I boaſt, of you alone, complain,
My greateſt pleaſure, and my greateſt pain.
VVhen e'r you grieve, I can no comfort know,
And when you firſt are pleas'd, I muſt be ſo:
VVhile you are well, there's no Diſeaſe I feel,
And I enjoy no Health, when you are Ill.
VVhat e'r you do my Actions does direct,
Your Smile can raiſe me, and your Frown deject.
VVhom e'r you Love, I by the ſelf ſame Fate,
Love too; and hate what ever wretch, you hate.
VVith yours, my wiſhes and my paſſions joyn,
Your humour, and your intereſt, all is mine.

I ſhare in all; nor can my Fortunes be
Unhappy, let but Fortune ſmile on thee.
You can preſerve, you only can deſtroy,
Encreaſe my ſorrow, or create my joy.
From you, and you alone, my doom I wait,
You are the Star, whoſe influence rules my Fate.
On yours my Being, and my Life depend,
And mine ſhall laſt no more, when yours muſt end.
No toyl would be too great, no task too hard,
Were you at laſt to be my rich reward.
In ſerving you, I'd ſpend my lateſt breath,
Brave any danger, run on any death.
I live but for your ſake, and when I dye,
All I ſhall pray for, is, may you be by.
No Life, like like living with thee can delight,
No Death can pleaſe like dying in thy ſight:

Oh!

Oh! when I muſt by Heavens ſevere Decree,
Be ſnatch'd from all that's dear, be ſnatch'd from thee.
May'ſt thou be preſent to diſpel my fear,
And ſoften with thy Charms the Pangs I bear.
While, on thy Lips I pour my parting Breath,
Look thee all o're, and claſp thee cloſe in Death.
Sigh out my Soul, upon thy panting Breaſt,
And with a Paſſion not to be expreſs't,
Sink at thy Feet into Eternal Reſt.

FINIS.

SEVERAL

STORIES

OF

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES,

Tranſlated into

English Verſe:

THE

STORY

OF

Narciſſus and Eccho,

From the Third Book

OF

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

THE Vocal Nymph this lovely Huntſman
view'd,
As he into the Toils his Prey purſu'd.

Tho' of the power of Speaking firſt debarr'd,
She could not hold from anſwering what ſhe heard.
The Jealous *Juno* by her wiles Betray'd,
Took this revenge on the Deceitful Maid.
For when ſhe might have ſeiz'd her faithleſs *Jove*,
Often in am'rous Thefts of lawleſs Love:
Her tedious talk would make the Goddeſs ſtay,
And give her Rivals time to run away;
Which when ſhe found, ſhe cry'd for ſuch a wrong,
Small be the power of that deluding tongue.
Immediately the deed confirm'd the Threats,
For *Eccho*, only what ſhe hears repeats.

Now at the ſight of the Fair Youth ſhe glows,
And follows ſilently where e'r he goes.

The nearer ſhe purſu'd, the more ſhe mov'd,
Thro' the dear track he trod, the more ſhe lov'd.
Still her approach enflam'd her fierce deſire,
As Sulph'rous Torches catch the Neighb'ring Fire,
How often would ſhe ſtrive, but ſtrive in vain,
To tell her Paſſion and confeſs her Pain?
A thouſand tender things her thoughts ſuggeſt,
With which ſhe would have woo'd, but they ſuppreſt
For want of Speech, lay buried in her Breaſt.
Begin ſhe could not, but ſhe ſtaid to wait
Till he ſhould ſpeak, and ſhe his Speech repeat.
Now ſeveral ways his young Companions gone,
And for ſome time *Narciſſus* left alone.
VVhere are you all? at laſt ſhe hears him call,
And ſhe ſtrait anſwers him, *Where are you all?*

A-round

A-round he lets his wandring eye-ſight roam,
But ſees no Creature whence the Voice ſhould come:
Speak yet again he cryes, is any nigh?
Again the mournful *Eccho*, anſwers, *I*,
VVhy come not you? ſays he, appear in view,
She haſtily returns, *Why come not you?*
Once more the Voice the aſtoniſh't Huntſman try'd,
Louder he call'd, and louder ſhe reply'd.
Then let us join, at laſt *Narciſſus* ſaid,
Then let us join, reply'd the raviſh't Maid.
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when from the VVoods ſhe ſprung,
And on his Neck with cloſe Embraces hung.
But he with all his Strength unlocks her fold,
And breaks unkindly from her feeble hold.

Then

Then proudly cries, Life ſhall this Breaſt forſake,
E'r you looſe Nymph, on me your Pleaſure take.
On me your Pleaſure take, the Nymph replies,
While from her the diſdainful Huntſ-man flies.
Repuls'd, with ſpeed ſhe ſeeks the gloomyeſt Groves,
And pines to think on her rejected Loves.
Alone laments her ill requited flame,
And in the cloſeſt Thickets ſhrouds her ſhame.
Her rage to be refus'd, yields no relief,
But her fond Paſſion is encreas'd by Grief.
The thoughts of ſuch a ſlight all Sleep ſuppreſs't,
And kept her languiſhing for want of Reſt:
Now pines ſhe quite away with anxious Care,
Her Skin contracts, her Blood diſſolves to Air,
Nothing but Voice and Bones ſhe now retains,
Th[illegible] turn to Stones, but ſtill the Voice remains:

In

In Woods, Caves, Hills, for ever hid ſhe lies,
Heard by all Ears, but never ſeen by Eyes.

Thus her and other Nymphs, his proud diſdain,
With an unheard of Cruelty had ſlain.
Many on Mountains, and in Rivers born,
Thus periſh'd underneath his haughty Scorn:
When one who in their Sufferings bore a ſhare
With ſuppliant hands addreſs't this humble Prayer.
Thus may he Love himſelf, and thus deſpair:
Nor were her Pray'rs at an ill hour preferr'd,
Rhamnuſia the Revengeful Goddeſs, heard.

Nature had plac'd a Cryſtal Fountain near,
The Water deep, but to the bottom clear.
Whoſe Silver Spring aſcended gently up,
And bubbled ſoftly to the Silent top.

The

The ſurface ſmooth, as Icy Lakes appear'd,
Unknown by Herdſman, undiſturb'd by Herd.
No bending Tree above its ſurface grows,
Or ſcatters thence its Leaves, or broken Boughs;
Yet at a juſt convenient diſtance ſtood,
All round the peaceful Spring a ſtately Wood,
Thro' whoſe thick tops no Sun could ſhoot his Beams,
Nor view his Image in the Silver Streams:
Thither from Hunting and the ſcorching Heat,
The wearied Youth was one day led by Fate.
Down on his Face to Drink the Spring he lies;
But as his Image in that Glaſs he ſpies,
He drinks in Paſſion, deeper at his Eyes.
His own reflection works his wild Deſire;
And he himſelf ſets his own ſelf on Fire.
Fix'd as ſome Statue, he preſerves his place,
Intent his Looks, and motionleſs his Face.

Deep

Deep thro' the Spring his Eye-Balls dart their
Beams,
Like Midnight Stars that twinckle in the Streams.
His Iv'ry Neck the Chriſtal mirrour ſhows,
His waveing Hair above the ſurface flows,
His Cheeks reflect the Lilly and the Roſe.
His own Perfection all his Paſſions mov'd,
He loves himſelf, who for himſelf was lov'd;
Who ſeeks is ſought, who kindles the deſires
Is ſcorch'd himſelf, who is admir'd, admires,
Oft would he the deceitful Spring embrace,
And ſeek to faſten on that lovely Face.
Oft with his down-thruſt Arms he thought to
fold,
About that Neck that ſtill deludes his hold.
He gets no Kiſſes from thoſe coz'ning Lips,
His Arms graſp nothing, from himſelf he ſlips.

He knows not what he views, and yet purſues,
His deſperate Love, and burns for what he views.
"Catch not ſo fondly at a fleeting ſhade,
"And be no longer by your ſelf betray'd;
"It borrows all it has from you alone,
"And it can boaſt of nothing of its own:
"With you it comes, with you it ſtays, and ſo
"Would go away, had you the power to go.
Neither for Sleep nor Hunger, would he move,
But gazing ſtill, augments his hopeleſs Love:
Still o'r the Spring he keeps his bending Head,
Still with that flattering Form his Eyes he fed,
And ſilently ſurveys the treacherous Shade.
To the deaf Woods, at length his Grief he vents,
And in theſe words the wretched Youth laments.

Tell

Tell me, ye Hills and Dales and Neighbouring
Groves,
You that are conſcious of ſo many Loves;
Say, have you ever ſeen a Lover pine
Like me, or ever know a Love like mine?
I know not whence this ſuddain Flame ſhould
come;
I like and ſee, but ſee I know not whom:
What grieves me more, no Rocks, nor rouling
Seas,
No ſtrong-wall'd Cities, nor untrodden Ways,
Only a ſlender, Silver Stream deſtroys,
And caſts the Bar between our ſundred Joys.
Even he too ſeems to feel an equal Flame,
The ſame his Paſſion, his deſires the ſame:
As oft as I my longing Lips decline
To joyn with his, his mount to meet with
mine.

So

So near our Faces, and our Mouths approach,
That almoſt to our ſelves, we ſeem to touch:
Come forth who e'r thou art, and do not fly
From one ſo paſſionately fond as I;
I've nothing to deſerve your juſt diſdain,
But have been lov'd, as I love you in vain.
Yet all the ſigns of mutual Love you give,
And my poor hopes in all your Actions live:
When in the Stream, our Hands I ſtrive to joyn,
Yours ſtraight aſcend, and half-way graſp at mine.
You Smile my Smiles; when I a Tear let fall,
You ſhed another, and conſent in all:
And when I ſpeak, your lovely Lips appear
To utter ſomething, which I cannot hear.
Alas! 'tis I my ſelf, too late I ſee,
My own deceitful Shade has ruin'd me.

With a mad Paſſion for my ſelf I'm curs't,
And bear about thoſe Flames I kindled firſt.
In ſo perplex'd a Caſe, what can I do?
Ask, or be ask'd? ſhall I be woo'd, or wooe?
All that I wiſh, I have, what would I more?
Ah! tis my too great plenty makes me poor.
Divide me from my ſelf, ye Powers Divine!
Nor let his Being intermix with mine.
All that I love, and wiſh for, now retake,
A ſtrange Requeſt for one in Love to make!
I feel my ſtrength decay with inward Grief,
And hope to loſe my Sorrows with my Life:
Nor would I mourn my own untimely Fate,
Were he I love, allow'd a longer Date:
This makes me at my cruel Stars repine,
That his much dearer Life muſt end with mine.

This ſaid, again he turns his watry Face,
And gazes wildly in the Cryſtal Glaſs,
While ſtreaming Tears from his full Eye-lids fell,
And drop, by drop, rais'd Circles in the Well:
The ſeveral Rings, larger, and larger ſpread,
And by degrees diſpers'd the fleeting ſhade;
Which when perceiv'd, Oh whither would you go?
He crys, ah! whither, whither, fly you now?
Stay lovely Shade, do not ſo cruel prove,
In leaving me, who to diſtraction Love:
Let me ſtill ſee what ne'r can be poſſeſs't,
And with the ſight alone my Frenzy feaſt,
Now frantick with his Grief, his Robe he tears,
And Tokens of his Rage his Boſom bears:

The cruel Wounds on his pure Body ſhow,
Like Crimſon mingling with the whiteſt Snow:
Like Apples with Vermilion-circles, ſtripe,
Or a fair Bunch of Grapes not fully ripe.
But when he looks, and ſees the Wounds he made,
Writ on the Boſom of the charming Shade;
His Sorrow would admit of no Relief,
But all his Senſe was ſwallow'd in his Grief.

As Wax, near any kindled Fuel plac'd,
Melts, and is ſenſibly perceiv'd to waſte:
As Morning Froſts are found to Thaw away,
When once the Sun begins to warm the day,
So the fond Youth diſſolves in hopeleſs Fires,
And by degrees Conſumes in vain deſires:
His lovely Cheeks, now loſt their white and red,
Diminiſh'd was his Strength, his Beauty fled;

His

His Body from it's juſt Proportions fell,
Which the ſcorn'd *Eccho* lately lov'd ſo well.
Yet tho' her firſt reſentments ſhe retain'd,
And ſtill remembred how ſhe was diſdain'd;
She ſigh'd, and when the wretched Lover cry'd,
Alas, alas, the woful Nymph reply'd:
Then when with cruel Blows, his Hands would wound
His tender Breaſt, ſhe ſtill reſtor'd the ſound.
Now hanging o'er the Spring his drooping Head,
With a ſad ſigh theſe dying words he ſaid,
Ah! Boy, belov'd in vain, thro' all the Plain,
ECCHO reſounds, *Ah! Boy, belov'd in vain:*
Farewel he crys, and with that Word he dy'd,
Farewel, the miſerable Nymph reply'd.
Now pale and breathleſs, on the Graſs he lyes,
For Death had ſhut his ſelf-admiring Eyes.

Now wafted over to the *Stygian* Coaſt,
The Waters there reflect his wandring Ghoſt;
In loud laments, his weeping Siſters mourn,
Which *Ecchо*, makes the Neighb'ring Hills return.
All ſigns of deſperate Grief the Nymphs expreſs,
Great is the Moan, yet is not *Ecchо*'s leſs.

THE

THE

STORY

OF

Salmacis *and* Hermaphroditus,

From the Fourth Book

OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE lovely *Salmacis* the Fountain own'd
A Nymph with every blooming Beauty crown'd.
Unpractis'd in the Chase, untaught to throw
The thrilling Dart, or bend the stubborn Bow.

Never engag'd in Races on the Plain,
Nor ever mingling with *Diana*'s Train.
Oft would her Siſters ſay, riſe, riſe for ſhame,
And joyn with us in ſome laborious Game.
Seize on a Quiver, or a pointed Spear,
Hunt the wild Boar, or chaſe the tim'rous Deer;
No Quiver would ſhe ſeize, no Javelin ſhake,
No Toyl indure, in no Fatigue partake.
But in her Fountain is her ſole delight,
For there ſhe Bathes by day, and Reſts by night,
Still in that liquid Glaſs her ſelf ſhe dreſs't,
And learn'd from thence, what look became her beſt.
Now in thin Lawn, her lovely Limbs aray'd,
Stretch'd at their length, on the ſoft Moſs were laid,
Thro' the tranſparent Robes, to the full view diſplay'd.

Now

Now languiſhing ſhe lyes, and gathers Flowers,
Pluck'd from the blooming ſides of Neighb'ring
Bowers.
Thus was ſhe buſied, when ſhe chanc'd to ſpy
The lovely Son of *Hermes* paſſing by.
At the firſt ſight, ſhe found her Wiſhes fir'd,
And the fair Youth, as ſoon as ſeen, deſir'd.
Yet would ſhe not approach, tho' mad to meet,
Tho' ſhe could ſcarce hold back her eager Feet,
Till ſhe might firſt her utmoſt skill beſtow,
To make her Beauties to advantage ſhow.
Uſe all her Art to let her Charms appear,
Who without Art, might well be reckon'd fair.

At laſt attir'd ſhe comes, at once ſhe breaks.
Into theſe moving words, and meltingly ſhe ſpeaks

Such charms, dear Youth, dwell in your lovely
I cannot think you born of Humane Race. (Face,

If

If then a God, deſcended from above,
You are not ſure, leſs than the God of Love.
But if you ſpring not from a Race divine,
If come from any of a mortal Line,
Happy, thrice happy, muſt thy Parents be,
And all thy Kindred bleſs't, and proud of thee.
Bleſt were that Womans Breaſts who fed thee firſt,
In whoſe fond Arms, thy Infancy was Nurſs't.
But more, ——— Oh! infinitely more than all the reſt,
Muſt the fair Partner of thy Bed be bles't?
If there be ſuch, let us the Bliſs divide,
Too great to be by any one enjoy'd.
If not already bound by Nuptial Vows,
Seal them with me, make me the joyful Spouſe,
Here ſtop'd the Love-ſick Nymph; whoſe bold-(neſs made
The baſhful Youth bluſh, for the things ſhe ſaid.

Still

Still Lovelier in his Bluſhes, look'd the Boy.
Still her deſires grew fiercer to enjoy.
So bluſhes Fruit upon the Sunny-ſide,
So Iv'ry ſhews with deep Vermilion dy'd.
So in Eclipſes looks the labouring Moon,
When ſtain'd with red, her ſtrugling Face is
ſhewn.

Nearer, and nearer, now the Virgin mov'd,
Ready to ſeize upon the Swain ſhe lov'd.
Diſdainfully he flies her fond Embrace,
And cryes with Baſhful Anger in his Face,
Forbear looſe Nymph, or I'll forſake the place.
She, at that Menace from the Man ſhe lov'd,
Reply'd, 'tis yours, fair Youth, and ſo remov'd.
Yet at ſome diſtance, in a Thicket hid,
The Maid obſerv'd what e'r the Charmer did.

Who

Who now believing that he was not ſeen,
With bold Steps trips o'r the Flowery Green.
Now to the Banks of that delightful Stream,
Which the Fair Nymph that lov'd him, own'd,
he came,
Dipt in his Feet, and thence by ſmall degrees,
Pleas'd with the warmth, he waded to the Knees.
Then back unto the Banks again he goes,
Down on the ground his Silken Garments
throws,
And to the raviſh'd Maid, all, all the Man
he ſhows.
His Naked Charms her wondring Sight amaz'd,
Who now with more impatient longings gaz'd.
Her eyes ſhoot Fires, and ſhine with ſparkling
Flames,
As when the Sun plays on the Silver Streams,
Or when a Cryſtal Glaſs reflects the Beams.

Mad

Mad to poſſeſs her Bliſs, about to fly,
To ſeize, and faſten on the Lovely Boy, (Joy.
She burns with the delay of the Tranſporting
Now from the Flowery Bank, on which he ſtood,
The lovely Youth leap'd down into the Flood.
His skilful Arms ſupport his Snowy Limbs,
Still glit'ring thro' the Streams in which he ſwims.
Like Ivory Statues which the Life ſurpaſs,
Or Lillys cover'd with a Cryſtal Glaſs.
He's mine, he's mine, the raviſh'd Virgin cries,
And ſtrait diſrob'd of all, impatient flyes,
And plunging in the Flood, purſues her Joys.
Now o'r his Neck her circling Arms ſhe caſt,
Now threw them lower, o'r his ſtrugling waſte.
Her twining Limbs on every ſide ſhe wound,
Look'd him all o'r, and claſp'd him all around.
"So when a towring Eagles Talons bear,
"A Snake cloſe grip'd, and hiſſing thro' the air.

"About

"About his Neck the Curling Serpent clings,
"And fetters with his Tail his ſpacious Wings.

Still, tho' detain'd, the Boy the Bliſs denyes,
Still ſtruggles to reſiſt the Virgins Joys.
In vain you ſtrive, ſhe cryes, this proud diſdain,
Fooliſh, ingrateful Youth, is all in vain.
Grant ye good Gods, no day, no time may ſee
Me ſever'd from this Youth, or him from me.

To the Maids Prayer propitious Gods inclin'd,
Strait into one their different forms were twin'd,
And as they mingled Souls, their Bodies join'd.

THE

THE PASSION OF Scylla for Minos, From the Eighth Book OF OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

A Tower with founding Walls erected ſtands,
The ſacred Fabrick of *Apollo*'s Hands.
His Harp laid by, the Strings their Airs diſpenſe,
And vocal Stones receiv'd their vertue thence.

This

This *Scylla*, in the time of Peace, aſcends,
And thence her look o'er all the Lawns extends,
Now with delight ſhe views the ſpacious Town,
Now, pleas'd with dropping little Pebbles down,
Strikes a ſweet Muſick from the warbling Stone.
In times of Wars the ſelf-ſame proſpect yields,
The pleaſing horror of the bloody Fields.
Long had they now in equal Balance hung,
And doubtful Victory depended long.
This gave her leiſure to diſcern and know,
The ſeveral Leaders of the Neighb'ring Foe.
Minos their General, moſt of all ſhe knew,
More than a vertuous Virgin ought to do.
Whether his Helmet glitter'd from afar,
And with its waving Feathers threatned War.

Whether

Whether his Hands, his ſhining Sword would
wield,
Or his ſtrong Arm raiſe his refulgent Shield.
Whate'er ſhe ſaw him do, ſhe prais'd, and lov'd,
And kept him ſtill in view, where'er he mov'd.
Whene'er he ſhook a Spear, or caſt a Dart,
She knew not which excell'd, his Strength, or
Art,
Whene'er he drew a Shaft, ſhe'd ſwear, that ſo
Ev'n *Phœbus* would himſelf diſcharge his Bow.
But when his naked Viſage he diſclos'd,
His charming Face to publick view expos'd.
When on his foaming Horſe he rode the Plains,
Ruling with skilful Hands the ſtubborn Reins.
Then like Tempeſtuous Seas, her Paſſions roll,
Mad her ſick-Brain, and rack her troubled Soul.

Happy, ſhe calls the Courſer which he preſs't;
Happy, the Launce he couch'd within his Reſt,
Happy, the Vamplate that ſecur'd his Breaſt.
Now, would ſhe think of flying to the Foe,
And would have gone, had ſhe a way to go.
Now, headlong from the Tower her ſelf have ſent,
And ventur'd Life, to reach her Lovers Tent.
Open the Brazen Gates, when Love inſpir'd,
Or act whate'er the Foe ſhe lov'd, deſir'd.
Silent ſhe ſate with a diſtracted look,
Till Paſſion gave her leave, and then ſhe ſpoke.

In this unhappy War, and fatal ſtrife,
I know not which to yield to, Joy or Grief.
Tho' 'tis my Fate, to love my Country's Foe,
I had not ſeen him, had he not been ſo.

Yet

Yet might they let their fierce contentions fall,
And making Peace, make me the Pledge for all.
Minos, and I once joyn'd, our Wars might ceaſe;
And that Alliance fix a laſting Peace.
Well might your Mothers Charms a God ſubdue,
If ever ſhe could Charm, dear Youth, like you.
Happy! thrice happy! had I Wings to fly,
To yonder Tents, where the lov'd Foe does lye!
I'd tell the dear diſturber of my reſt,
All that I feel, could it be all expres't,
And pour my Soul into the Charmers Breaſt.
Give all I can to make him once my own,
All he ſhould ask; all; — but my Fathers Crown.
This Love ſhall ceaſe, theſe fierce deſires ſhall dye,
E'er I by Treachery my wiſh enjoy.

Yet when a generous Foe diſputes the Field,
It is not ſafeſt to reſiſt, but yield.
The tragick Deſt'ny of his darling Son,
Has brought at laſt theſe Fatal Miſchiefs on.
In a juſt Cauſe, his vengeful Sword he draws,
Strong is his Army, to maintain his Cauſe.
Needs muſt my charming Hero proſperous prove,
Then let him owe his Conqueſt to my Love.
Thus thouſands will be ſav'd, who elſe muſt bleed,
And daily periſh, if the Wars proceed.
Minos will thus be ſafe; and I be bleſt,
Elſe he may chance to periſh with the reſt.
Some raſh unknowing Hand, his Spear may dart,
Againſt my too, too vent'rous Hero's Heart.
For who without concern, his Wounds could ſee?
Or who would wound him, if he knew 'twas he?
'Tis then reſolv'd; leaſt ſuch a Chance ſhould fall
On him I Love ſo well, I'le hazard all.

My

My Country, and my Self, one Gift I'll joyn,
And make the Merit of his Conqueſt mine.
To Will is nothing, when we can't fullfil,
For wretched want of power; the things we Will.
The Gates are kept with a ſufficient Guard,
And every night my Father ſees them barr'd.
'Tis he deſtroys my Bliſs; 'tis him I fear;
Would he were with the dead, or I were there.
Might I (not inj'ring him) my Bliſs purſue?
Indulgent Gods! but why invoke I you?
We our own Gods, have power our ſelves to bleſs,
And from our ſelves derive our own ſucceſs.
The only way to proſper, is to dare,
For Fortune liſtens not to lazy Prayer.
Others enflam'd with ſuch a fierce deſire,
Have forc'd thro' all to quench their raging Fire.
Shall any other then, more reſ'lute prove?
Thro' Fire and Sword, I'd force my way to love.

Yet to aſſiſt me here, I need not call
For Fire, or Sword; my Fathers Hair is all.
That, that muſt Crown my joys, and make me bleſt,
Beyond whatever elſe can be poſſeſt,
Beyond what can be by my words expreſt.

A

Paſtoral Elegy

ON THE

DEATH

OF

DELIA.

Quam referent Muſæ, vivet, dum robora tellus,
Dum cœlum ſtellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.

Tibullus.

A

Pastoral Elegy

ON THE

DEATH

OF

DELIA.

Daphnis, and *Thyrsis*.

Thyr. STAY wretched Swain, lye here, and here lament,
Press not too far, your Strength, already spent.

Long

Long, has diſtracting Sorrow made you rove
Thro' every deſart Plain, and diſmal Grove,
Still ſilent with exceſs of Grief, and Love.
Feebly your Trembling Legs, beneath you go,
And bend o'erburd'ned with their Load of Woe.
Stay, and this Melancholy Grotto chooſe,
A proper Manſion for a mourning Muſe.
Lay your tir'd Limbs extended on the Moſs,
And tell the liſtning Woods of *Delia's* loſs:
Here, the ſad Muſe need no diſturbance fear,
For not a living thing inhabits here.
Muſick may give your Sorrows ſome relief,
And I by liſt'ning to you, ſhare your grief.

Daph. What Muſick now can my ſad numbers boaſt?
What Muſe invoke? alas! my Muſe is loſt.

Long

Long ſince my uſeleſs Pipe was thrown aſide,
My Reeds were broke that hour that *Delia* dyed.
From her alone their Inſpiration came,
She gave the Verſe, and was the Verſes Theme.
For ever ſhould my Sorrows keep me Dumb,
Silent as Death, and huſh'd as *Delia's* Tomb,
Did not the force of Love unlock my Tongue,
Leſt her dear Beautyes ſhould remain unſung.
Her Charms let every Muſe conſpire to tell,
And that once done, let every Muſe farewell.

This the laſt Tribute of my Verſe I bring,
To Sing her Death, and then no more to Sing.
Be ſtill ye Winds, or in ſoft whiſpers blow,
Ye purling Streams, with gentler Murmurs flow,
Let Lambs forbear to bleat, and Herds to low.

Let

Let all in eaſy mournful Numbers move,
Let all be ſoft, and artleſs as my Love.

Oh! ſhe was every way Divinely fair,
Charming in Perſon, and in Soul ſincere.
She was, alas! more than the Muſe can tell,
Well worthy Love, and was belov'd as well.
She was, alas! theſe Tears that ſaying draws,
Oh! 'tis a cruel, killing word; She was.
Now ſhe no more muſt tread the Flowery Plains,
No more, be gaz'd at by admiring Swains.
No more, the choiceſt Flowers, and Daiſies
chooſe,
Or pluck the Paſture for her tender Ewes.
Say, ye poor Flocks, how often have ye ſtood?
And from her lovely hands receiv'd your Food.

Now; ye no more, from thoſe fair hands muſt
feaſt,
Thoſe hands, which gave the Flowers a ſweeter
taſte.
Mourn her, by whom ye were ſo often fed,
And cry with me, the Shepherdeſs is dead.

This the laſt tribute of my Verſe I bring
To Sing her Death, and then no more to Sing.

Weep for her loſs; relenting Heav'n, and keep
Time with our Tears; Heaven ſeems apace to
Weep.
In murm'ring drops the mournful Rain diſtills,
And Sable Clouds wrap round the ſides of Hills.
The Goat forbears to browze, the tender Ewe,
Will drink no longer of the falling Dew.

No

No morning Larks their mounting Wings display,
Or cheer with warbling Airs the dusky day.
On dropping Boughs, ſad Nightingals complain,
Join in my Songs, but Sing like me, in vain.
In doleful Notes the murm'ring Turtles coo,
Each of them ſeems t'have loſt a *Delia* too.
The melting Air in Miſts, its Sorrows ſhews,
And cold damp Sweat the face of Earth bedews.
With Tears, the River-Gods enlarge their Spring,
Swans in ſad ſtrains on ſwelling Waters Sing.
In Sighs, the God of Winds his Paſſion vents,
And all, all Nature, for her Loſs laments.

This, the laſt Tribute of my Verſe, I bring,
To Sing her Death, and then no more to Sing.

How

How often, on the Banks of Silver *Thames*,
My eyes on hers, and hers upon the Streams,
Has ſhe ſtood Liſt'ning when I told my Flames?
How often, has a ſuddain, ſidelong look,
Seem'd to confeſs her Pity when I ſpoke?
Pity I had, though I could never move,
In her cold Breaſt the leaſt return of Love.
Pity from her, more welcome did receive,
Than all the Love another Fair could give.
And it was ſome, ſome ſmall relief to ſee
She lov'd not others, tho' ſhe lov'd not me.
Say, gentle *Thames*, how often have I ſtood,
Viewing her dear reflection in your Flood?
When on her Face I durſt not gaze for fear;
How often have I look'd, and found it there?
How often, have I wiſh'd my Verſe might prove
Smooth as your Stream, whene'r I writ of Love?

Say,

Say, how your courteous Waves would never flow
O'er any any Path where ſhe was us'd to go.
Now let your River, like my Eyes, run o'er,
Inſult with fuller Tides the deſart Shore,
And drown thoſe Banks, where *Delia* walks no more.

This the laſt Tribute of my Verſe I bring,
To Sing her Death, and then no more to Sing.

Blew Violets, and Bluſhing Roſes fade,
Fold your Silk Leaves, and hang your drooping head,
Shut up your ſweets, and ſeem like *Delia*, dead.
Let Spring run backwards, and the Vintage blaſt,
Let conſtant Showers, lay all the Country waſte.
Let Flames unto the center downwards tend,
And let the Floods, untoſs'd by Winds, aſcend.

Les

Let all things change, and wear another Face,
Let Nature not appear the ſame ſhe was.
Let Fowl to dwell beneath the Waters try,
And let the Watery Herd attempt to fly,
Let Wolves protect the Flocks upon the Plains,
Let baſhful Virgins woo diſdainful Swains.
Let Savage Death, its cruelty purſue,
And ſince my *Delia's* Dead; let me dye too.

This the laſt Tribute of my Verſe I bring,
To Sing her Death, and then no more to Sing.

See, where the God of Love, all ſad appears,
His ſmoaking Torch extinguiſh'd with his Tears.
Well may he weep for his declining Power,
His Charm is done, ſince *Delia* is no more.

Thro' her he Conquer'd, and thro' her he reign'd;
Her Beauties his decaying ſway ſuſtain'd,
And ſhe now gone, his Empire is diſdain'd.

See, where *Diana* with a ſtately Train
Of goodly Nymphs, deſcends upon the Plain,
Each of them weeps, and leans upon her Bow,
And mourns her fellow *Delia* wanting now.
The Goddeſs grieves to ſee her Train decreaſt,
And ſwelling ſighs, ſhake every Virgin Breaſt.
Unhurt, they let the Stags beſide them paſs,
Nor follow Boars that tempt them to the Chaſe.
In ſeveral forms of woe, their Grief they vent,
And all with me for *Delia's* loſs lament.
This the laſt Tribute of my Verſe I bring,
To Sing her Death, and then no more to Sing.

Look

Look yonder, where the lovely Nymph is laid,
I'll go, and on her Earth recline my Head,
Choak with my Sighs, and hasten to the Dead.
Come hither all ye Swains, with Garlands come,
Pour out your Richeſt Perfumes on her Tomb.
Let Myrtles on her Grave unplanted grow,
In ready Wreaths for every Lovers brow.
Let Flowers unknown before, be daily ſeen
To raiſe their Heads above the ſpacious Green,
Millions of blooming Sweets, her Earth ſurround,
And balmy Gums diſtil upon the ground.
Here let the tuneful Muſe for ever ceaſe,
To give unutterable ſorrow place.
Let Sighs, and ſtreaming Tears reſume their courſe,
And my ſad Eyes, be their Eternal Source.

I'll go, and chooſe ſome melancholy Cave,
As undiſturb'd and ſecret, as the Grave.
I'll feaſt my Eyes with nothing fair on Earth,
Nor ſhall my Ears hear any ſound of Mirth.
Farewel ye charming Choriſters that dwell
In ſacred Groves, ye warbling Birds, farewel.
Adieu ye Nymphs, adieu ye fellow Swains,
Ye Silver Streams, ſweet Swans, and flowery Plains.
Farewel all happy Days, and ſmiling Hours,
Refreſhing Valleys, and delightful Bowers.
Adieu to every Grotto, every Grove,
Adieu to Poetry, adieu to Love.

FINIS.